

Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

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## AN EXPERIMENT

By FANNY GRAY.

After two weeks of blissful honeymoon in his modest new home, Harry Carr firmly believed that all newspaper jokes about newlyweds, including wife's biscuits, cranky cook stoves, burned steak and the like, were just newspaper jokes and nothing more.

Of course, there was a maid in the kitchen, but Harry never doubted for a moment that it was his bride, Molly, who really made it possible for these wonders to be evolved.

Now, Molly had about as much confidence in her own ability in the kitchen as Harry had, although she had never been put severely to the test, where everything depended upon her alone. So, when Bridget's first day out arrived, she and Harry both looked forward to it as a sort of lark. As they were drinking their coffee that morning, the following conversation took place:

"Now don't go and try to get up a regular dinner tonight, honey. I'm eating too much, anyway. And I won't have you getting all hot and tired working over a stove!"

"That's very sweet of you, Harry, but don't imagine that we can't have dinner just because Bridget is out. I shall enjoy getting it. And I don't think much of wives who set out cold bites because they're lazy. You'll see!"

"All right, pet, suit yourself, but be ready on time, and if the dinner is very good, I might have something in my pocket. It might be tickets for the Hippodrome!"

"Oh, how lovely! Of course I'll be on time. Don't miss the early train!"

In the middle of the afternoon, Molly descended to the kitchen, clad in a neat blue linen dress, and tackled the dinner.

About half-past five, Mrs. Webster, a near neighbor, who had made friends at once with Molly, rang the bell of the Carrs' house. Molly answered, sat down with her caller, and apologized for her dress. But she was so evidently nervous and left the room so many times on one excuse or another that her experienced friend began to realize that something must be wrong with the kitchen arrangements.

At last the truth came out and Molly explained her predicament, between tears and laughter.

"Why, Mrs. Webster," she cried, "it never occurred to me I couldn't get a whole dinner alone! I've done lots of cooking!"

"Come on out and let's see how bad it is," suggested Mrs. Webster.

It did seem rather hopeless. On the table lay a fierce-looking collection of cooking utensils and dishes, all soiled. Mrs. Webster peered into everything, while Molly explained. Mock bisque soup being Harry's favorite, she had decided upon that, and had made it early to have it out of the way. There it stood on the back of the stove, a fine curdled mess, "keeping hot."

The roast beef she had put on good and early in the new double roaster, laboring under the delusion that the invention absolved one from giving any further attention to the meat. A glance at it, just before her neighbor's arrival, had revealed a little dried-up, hard piece of beef, utterly unfit to serve.

Molly and Mrs. Webster looked at each other a moment and then cleared the atmosphere by laughing heartily. When Molly could get her breath, she said:

"What shall I do? Of course, my pride is hurt, and I hate to tell Harry, but I suppose I must."

"Why tell him that you tried to get a dinner at all? He has suggested the theater, you say. It would be most natural for you to have a light supper to save trouble, as you may be going out."

"But I told him this morning I didn't mind the trouble, and that I was going to get dinner."

"Never mind. People sometimes change their minds. I don't want to corrupt your morals, but I advise you to do as I say. If you will, I can help you out."

Molly nodded assent.

"Good! Now, what salad have you got?"

"Lettuce and tomato."

"Couldn't be better. Any canned soup in the house?"

"Only ready-made tomato."

"The very thing! Haven't you learned the secret of putting hot milk and a bit of butter to that just before serving? Very likely it will be mistaken for your own brand of bisque."

"Great! You're a wonder, Mrs. Webster."

"No, just an old housekeeper. Now, I've got cold ham and a cream cheese I can spare, and I'm going to send them over. If by any chance you have your dessert, don't you see that with a pot of coffee you'll have a delicious and hearty supper, after all?"

At 6:30 Harry was met at the door by a smiling bride. He held up an envelope, teasingly, high above her head.

"Do I get some food, or do we stay at home tonight? No nice dinner, no Hippodrome, you know?"

"I guess I can get dressed in time," said Molly demurely, and, hand in hand, like two children, they went into the dining room.

As Harry took the last swallow of the delicious, piping-hot coffee, he remarked:

"Bully supper, Molly. Took my advice, after all, didn't you? I'm glad you didn't spend the afternoon fussing over a hot dinner."

Molly smiled at him across the table.

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## ON THE SAND

By LOUISE OLIVER.

The swim out to the sand bar and back six times repeated had made Ted fired. Add to that a scorching July sun, the inviting shade of a beach chair, and a natural propensity for sleep at any time and under all conditions, and you can readily understand why morpheus found him an easy victim that eventful morning.

Suddenly something hit him with sickening force in the solar plexus. Then something said softly: "Goo!" and, with a few delighted gurgles, "Goo!" again. A baby looked up at him with placid blue eyes and twisted the corners of its little rosy mouth into a thousand smiles.

"Hello, there, mister or miss or whatever you are!" Ted exclaimed.

"Where did you come from?"

Baby gurgled an answer.

"You don't say so! Well, if you had only sent word I might have been better prepared to receive you. I suppose—" Ted looked around and saw no one who appeared to have lost a baby recently, or who might in any way be associated with one. "I suppose," he said, "that you fell out of the chair, seeing that you had such a nice soft thing to land on!"

"When you smile at me so sweetly, I think you're a girl. The girls all like me to pieces. Honor bright!" The wide-open blue eyes searched him inquiringly. "All except one, and she doesn't think I'm worth two for a cent. But it's all because she doesn't know me. We have never been introduced. By Jove, here she comes now!"

A variety of reasons caused him to pick the baby up just then—either to hide the confusion which he always felt when the girl came near, or because it looked heartless to let a beautiful, embroidered, shell-pink baby lie unprotected on the sand.

The girl passed, but not before she had taken in the stage setting and the chief performers of the little act.

To go back, Ted and the girl were staying at the same hotel. He had tried to meet her—as he had explained to the baby—but no mutual friend had so far appeared.

The girl walked along with her companion, but turned back as she saw something lying on the sand. Ted's heart nearly stopped when he saw her coming, and he almost dropped the baby, but he clutched it tightly, desperately, when she picked up the toy and handed it to him, with: "Here is your baby's rattle!" and, half-stopping, added: "Cute little thing—looks like you!"

She was gone with that, and Ted suddenly wished the sands would swallow him up and spare him any further torment of living. His baby! Merciful heavens!

He laid baby in its soft nest, gave it the rattle and tried to collect his scattered senses by another swim to the bar. When he returned baby was gone. He breathed more freely then.

Another day Ted came out of a movie just as a woman passed wheeling a baby perambulator. Something flew out of the carriage and landed at his feet. He recognized the blue rattle of his friend, the baby, and handed it over.

"Oh, thank you!" beamed the mother. "She's always throwing it out." She was young and pretty—scarcely more than a girl. It occurred to Ted to relate the episode of the baby's fall, and he did so, suitably stepping to her own.

Of course, the girl passed just then, as the young mother was listening with all attention to Ted.

"Darn!" he exclaimed, stopping.

"I beg your pardon!"

He apologized profusely. "I forgot something, and must go back if you will excuse me," he said, as he lifted his hat and turned in the direction the girl had taken.

He followed, unabashed, desperate! Ted came up beside her, and after an irresolute minute spoke: "I should like to talk with you just a minute, if you don't object!"

She looked up. "Object? Well, I'll have to listen, I suppose. Go ahead."

"That baby isn't mine?"

"I know it isn't."

"What! Excuse me—I didn't understand. I thought you thought—"

"He thought, we thought, you thought, they thought," she finished mockingly.

Ted was very red in the face by this time.

"Now listen," said the girl. "I am that baby's aunt. I was only teasing you, so don't worry about it any more."

He digested this. "Why don't you like me?" he went on. "It's been so evident in a hundred ways that you don't. I'm really curious about it. Do you mind telling me?"

"Mercy!" she cried. "I have certainly developed into a regular bureau of information. But I'll tell you that, too! It's because you are here having a good time for a month while George Branson, your partner, who happens to be my brother-in-law and that baby's father, is at home working his head off in a hot office when he is dying to be here with his family. He can't leave as long as you are away!"

Ted was speechless. "But I'd have gone a week ago if—it hadn't been for you!" he declared suddenly.

Then the girl smiled, the very sort of a smile he wanted to see. "It's wicked for me to keep George away from May and the baby, isn't it?" she said. "I'll go home tomorrow."

"Then I'll go, too," smiled Ted.

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### Mexican Names.

Mexican names that are euphonious in Spanish are awkward when pronounced as in English. The vowels have the same sound as in German. J has the sound of a strongly aspirated H, and the H is mute. The double R is rolled, and the double L is followed by the consonant sound of Y. The accent is on the ultimate when the word ends in a consonant, usually on the penultimate when ending in a vowel. Exceptions are indicated by use of the accent mark.

### Clearly Put.

"You seem to think a great deal of that candidate." "How do you arrive at that conclusion?" asked Senator Sorghum. "Why, you have always supported him." "Yes; but a public man's attitude toward a candidate may be that of the family toward the head of the house. You don't necessarily think any more of a man because you've got to support him."

### Friendship.

By friendship I mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the sincerest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable.—Jeremy Taylor.

### Really Wonderful.

"That lady plays bridge every week-day of the world. Isn't she wonderful?" "Can't say that she is. By wonderful we mean something to wonder at. Now, if she remained at home occasionally and looked after her home, that would be wonderful."—Pittsburgh Post.

### Southern Constellations.

Corona Australis and Triangulum Australis are southern constellations. The northern limit of the former just touches our southern horizon in the early summer shortly before sunrise, and the latter is too far south to be visible in our latitudes.

### Strongest Timber.

The yate, one of Australia's numerous hard woods, is known to be the strongest known timber, with an average tensile strength of 24,000 pounds. The search for a stronger timber as a substitute for steel is being made.

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### His Ears All Right.

Johnny is a little southern boy living in Texas with his grandmother, who is a little deaf. One day while he was playing she called to him and he came running. "What's the matter, grandma?" he asked. "Your ears are all right," she said. "I can hear you just as well as ever."